

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GAY.

THE RENEGADE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF D'ARLINCOURT.

For the Minerva.

THE scene of this novel is laid in southern France and the Mediterranean coast of Spain, during the last struggles between the Saracens and Charles Martel, while the French throne was vacant, and almost all the feudal princes in a state of insurrection against the usurpation of Charles. The commander of the Saracens is Agobar, the hero of the story, whose formidable prowess has led his victorious Moors over the confines of Iberia, and spread their ferocious hordes through Narbonne Gaul, a part of Aquitaine, and the coast of the Mediterranean, beyond Narbonne. The first chapter introduces us, at sunset, to the ancient and Gothic fortress of Lutevia, the drawbridge of which is lowered at the sound of a horn, to give entrance to Ostalric, a French knight, who has escaped with a few soldiers from the citadel of Beziers, which has just surrendered to Agobar. He claims from the young and beautiful Ezilda, the princess of the Cevennes, and the lady of the castle of Lutevia, permission to shelter his pursued companions within her walls. Ezilda, though not the friend of his general, Charles Martel, is the enemy of the Saracens; and to Ostalric's soldiers she commands the gates of her castle to be opened, designing by dawn to take refuge herself in the monastery of St. Amalberge.

The princess of the Cevennes, born at the court of the king, had lost her mother at a very early age. Destined for the wife of Clodomir, the only son of Thierry III. she had received from her father an education worthy of the rank she was to fill. At the age of ten years, she had been affianced to Clodomir in the royal chapel of Lutevia. The two marriage rings, of exactly the same fashion, and inscribed with both their names, had been exchanged between her and the heir to the crown. But Thierry died; and the inseparable friend of his king, Theobert of Lutevia, retired with his daughter to the Cevennes. In his solitude, devoted entirely to her, his sage instructions had elevated her mind above the power of adversity; and while nature had bestowed upon Ezilda all the charms of her sex, her fond parent nourished in her heart a masculine heroism, the lofty enthusiasm of genius, and the faith of the early Christians. Her father's forebodings had been too fatally realized; Clodomir had been treacherously slain by the Count of Paris, and the destined queen of Lutevia was now only the lady of a castle.

At midnight the alarm is sounded; Ezilda ascends the donjon tower, and sees the horizon wrapt in flames, from the villages burning on every side, while the villagers with shrieks and cries are seeking shelter among the rocks. The French troops hastily advance, and enter the fortress, but their spirits are subdued by their misfortunes. The eloquent and august Ezilda fearlessly commands them to defend to the last the white standard of the

Christians, and her confidence reanimates their courage. After restoring their hope and valour, she leaves the castle of her ancestors, and repairs to St. Amalberge. While journeying along, accompanied by a slight escort, the princess perceives by the gray dawn, Gondair, a bard and seer; one deeply versed in the secrets of nature, and who passes among the peasantry for a necromancer and astrologer. He had been taken prisoner by the Moors, and of course was believed to have been slain. To the surprised Ezilda he relates his interview with Agobar, who, in desiring him to sing to his harp, had promised for the sake of his talents to forgive the bard of Gaul whatever might be reprehensible in his songs. Gondair, indignantly discovering around him many under the turban whom he knew to be Franks, sang a threatening prophecy against those who denied their country and their God. The fury the song excited in Agobar, revealed to the bard what was secret to every one else—that the Saracen commander was a renegade. Ezilda, after informing Gondair of the events which had forced her from Lutevia, has scarcely reached Amalberge, when the monastery is surrounded by the Moors under Agobar, who come to demand from the defenceless nuns some wounded soldiers. The nuns close their gates, but give themselves up to despair. The inspired Ezilda orders them to array themselves in their richest vestments, and with sacred banners, incense, and hymns, to march forth and supplicate Agobar. They appear thus to the astonished Saracens; and Ezilda, at the head of them, from the steps of the temple, in an azure tunic studded with silver lilies, a girdle of diamonds, and the ringlets of her long black hair confined by white roses, with a standard of cloth of gold waving around, and a magnificent rainbow kindling above her in the morning clouds, addresses Agobar, and entreats him to pause. Her exceeding beauty and courage, and the novelty of the spectacle fascinate Agobar; he allows her and her troop to re-enter in safety, and, calling away his myrmidons, departs from the monastery.*

But, mistrusting other Saracen attacks, Gondair advises Ezilda to leave the monastery with the nuns and wounded soldiers, and conceal herself in a cavern of the mountain, called the Miraculous Grot. When there, the Saracens surprise the soldiers, and carry them prisoners to Segorum. Ezilda, who has been awakened from a prophetic dream by the outcries of the combatants, is, with the nuns, led by Gondair through secret passages and subterranean mines, to a safe and commodious cavern. After long waiting for the return of the bard, who had left them to provide a better retreat, Ezilda leaves her companions, and ventures through extinguished furnaces of former volcanoes, until she reaches an outlet of the cavern, and finds herself in a superb garden belonging to a Moorish palace, and near a kiosk, where reclines an oriental beauty, complaining of the indifference of Agobar. From this harem girl, Ezilda learns that the palace is inhabited by Agobar. Intending a second time to en-

* A scene in every respect similar was witnessed by the author of the Renegade in Catalonia. The wounded were French soldiers; the nuns Spanish women; the besiegers, guerilla troops; and the heroine, a Frenchwoman.

treat for his commiseration on her companions, she glides unperceived into the palace, overhears the plan of a conspiracy against Agobar; feigns to be the slave commissioned to receive the plan in writing, and hastens to the apartment of the renegade with the important scroll she has obtained. The astonished chief grants her request of an escort, which accordingly at the appointed hour reaches the miraculous grot, and conveys the nuns to the French camp; but Ezilda, at the injunction of Gondair, remains as a leader to the bands of mountaineers who are determined to resist the Moors, and rescue the province of the Cevennes from the odious Moslems. At sunset, she appears on the rock of Carenal; an enormous mass of crystallized basalt regularly shaped into columns, and raised perpendicularly to the skies without any mortal help. At its summit is a vast crater, changed to a basin, whence sheets of transparent water fall in light cascades. The silver streams dashing in their course against the blue rock, pour themselves into a limpid brook, rolling over sparkles of gold, granite, and sapphire. The address of the inspired maiden excites shouts of acclamation; the peasantry unanimously cast away their turbans, crescents, and scarfs, all the symbols of apostasy, and burn them as an expiatory sacrifice; they swear enthusiastically to follow their beloved sovereign, the unanimous Ezilda, and never to rest till their country is delivered. The princess, resolved upon some decisive blow, leads them from the valley of Carenal to the taking of Segorum, a fortress in the possession of the Moors, though once thought impregnable. But having been fortified by the princess' father, Theobert of Lutevia, she is acquainted with all the secret and concealed entrances, and the citadel is taken by surprise.

The heroine of Segorum, returning thanks at daybreak in the chapel, is intercepted by a Saracen warrior, who has penetrated that far unknown to the sentinels: this warrior is Agobar, who discovers himself to Ezilda as the son of Thierry III. the heir of France, her affianced Clodomir. He attempts to make her his prisoner, but Leodat, prince of Avernes, entering the chapel with his soldiers, is on the point of taking Agobar prisoner, when Ezilda, subdued by the view of her betrothed, with whom she had played in childhood, and who was associated in her mind with ideas of love and happiness, now sinking under the swords of an enraged multitude, springs into the midst of the fight, and commands them to desist; revering her slightest order, they obey; she takes Agobar by the hand, leads him to his steed, and bids him save himself by flight, after promising to restore him his companion in arms, young Alaor, her prisoner.

In conversing with Alaor, after the victory of Labrod, gained by her mountaineers in the plains near Segorum, Ezilda shows that she is acquainted with his friend's name and original station; and Alaor, to palliate his having forsaken his country and his religion, gives her the following relation concerning the causes which rather obliged than induced Clodomir to turn renegade.

Thierry III. was assassinated by Geoffrey, Count of Lutetia, while his queen, with her two children, Clodomir, fifteen

years of age, and Elfrida, an infant, resided in a country-seat near the capital. At news of the death of Thierry, they flew to Paris, but were refused admittance to the palace, and the emissaries of Geoffrey, in a wood near by, massacred them all except Clodomir, who was left senseless. He was resuscitated by an obscure soldier of the name of Fakis, and concealed his own under that of Astolpho. The usurper buried the pretended remains of the family in the royal tomb; and declaring the Merovingian race extinct, seated himself on the throne. The life of the illustrious and unhappy Clodomir was so beset by hired assassins, that he was obliged to elude his pursuers by taking on him a pastoral habit, and retiring to a distant village. There he became enamoured of Anatilda, the daughter of his preserver, who returned his passion; and swearing to be faithful to her until death, he left her, determined to be recognised at Paris. He was ignominiously repulsed with disdain and injustice; and recalling to mind the murder of his father, the tragic end of his family, and seeing nothing but falsehood and treachery, the unfortunate prince almost doubted the existence of a God. He, however, obtained numerous partisans, and was attacked by Charles Martel on the banks of the Sequana. Usurpation triumphed; Clodomir beheld the brave and generous Fakis slain at his feet by Charles Martel, and forced by his friends from the failing ranks, he was transported to a safer spot. Tural, the brother of Anatilda, told the story of Clodomir's wrongs to the superior of a convent, where he thought he might remain a while: The abbot received him, but insisted on his taking the monastic vows, or giving himself up to Charles. In a paroxysm of despair, Clodomir slew the priest at the altar, and escaped into the forest. Meeting Tural, they journeyed back to their village; there they found that the beauty of Anatilda had occasioned her being carried off by Charles. After long and fruitless searches, they discovered on the shores of the ocean the solitary castle in which Anatilda languished. They had scarcely contrived an entrance, when Charles Martel and three knights opened the door of the hall, and drew their swords upon them. Tural perished; Anatilda was thrown into the sea, and Clodomir followed. With his royal sword and the body of Anatilda he reached a raft, and was carried into the open sea. Anatilda died in his arms, and he was picked up by a Saracen vessel, which carried him to Spain. His hatred and rage were no longer directed against the Deity. He had ceased to believe in Providence; and it was against Charles Martel that his fury and his vengeance were directed. He concealed his rank, and offered himself to the calif Abderaman, renounced his own religion and all others, assumed the turban, and descending from the Pyrenees upon Occitania, entered triumphantly into Toulouse at the head of a phalanx of Africans, after which, he met with nothing but success.

Charles Martel, jealous of the fame of the heroine of Segorum, advances by forced marches from the Rhone to the Cevennes and the Mediterranean. He summons Leodat to repair to his camp from Segorum. Leodat warns the princess of the detestable envy of the mayor of the palace, offers her his assistance,

and declares to her his love. She rejects him; and their conversation is interrupted by a second message from Charles to Ezilda, censuring the princess for releasing Agobar, and commanding her to transfer Alaor immediately to the royal camp of Umbrani. Ezilda answers him, that Alaor is free, for her promises are sacred. She despatches Alaor then to Agobar, bidding him meet her in three days at the pyramid of Fabius, in Septimania. The princess informs Leodat of her intention to visit the camp of Charles Martel, to destroy her injurious impressions in his disfavour. She is received at the camp with military honours, and Charles pretends to be persuaded by her arguments, when she informs him that Agobar is Clodomir, who was supposed dead, and who, perhaps, may be prevailed on to mount the throne, and unite thereby the separate interests of the princes of the provinces. The next day, Ezilda, at the pyramid meets Agobar. Her eloquence and beauty have just conquered him; she has just obtained from him a promise to return to his own standard, when three knights approach with the tidings to Ezilda of her having been proclaimed by Charles as a sorceress and practiser of magic arts; her return to the Cevennes being prevented by a file of soldiery, and a report being spread throughout the camp that she is plotting with Agobar the destruction of France. This fatal intelligence at once destroys the effect of her persuasions on the renegade; he blows a horn, which summons together some troops from the rocks; he leaves Ezilda guarded by them at the temple of Calmor, and hurries forward to engage Charles in the plains of Angostura. He is victorious; and his soldiers offer him the purple, which he refuses under the eyes of Ezilda. The princess, in departing for Segorum, remarks that the sea is covered with vessels; these Alaor tells her are under the flag of Athim, the dark and implacable foe of Agobar. She attains the fortress of Segorum in time to quiet the apprehensions of her mountaineers, faithful to her notwithstanding the proclamation of Charles. Finding, however, that her remaining with them will oblige them to disobey the orders of the mayor of the palace, she requests Gondair to lead her to a secure retreat. He takes her to the happy valley of Fontaines, a dell in the crater of a mountain, shut in by peaks of rocks and thick forests, and in which is a people dwelling in peace, and ignorant of the world.

Athim, the enemy of Agobar, envious and treacherous, had long waited for an opportunity to put in action his nefarious arts against the commander of the Saracens. He instilled into the mind of Abderaman the belief that Agobar was ready to cast off the yoke of allegiance. The calif sends Athim with orders for his execution. Agobar is inveigled into the tent of Athim without guards; he resists bravely the executioners who are ordered to despatch him; the tent is fired; and Agobar with his friend Alaor escapes, but scarcely with life. After a long excursion they rest themselves near a building, from which issues the funeral procession of Zarela, the oriental maiden whom Ezilda found in the gardens of Agobar.

They question a traveller they meet concerning the battle of Angostura. He answers, that the ferocious Agobar is no more, and that his soldiers are reconciled to their new commander, Athim. Agobar, transported to madness, blasphemes heaven, and dashes Alaor against the rocks. He tears the bandages from his wounds, and falls exhausted and senseless. Alaor carries him to a cottage in the woods, and leaving him in charge of a woodman, returns to the Saracen camp to discover the truth of the news they had heard. In the night, two Moors enter the cabin, and recognising Agobar, on whose head a price has been set, they bind him and carry him off. They leave him in the

wood to obtain further assistance; the inanimate prince revives; and Gondair and Ezilda, on their way to the happy valley, meet him, and help him to the bark in which they are to reach that destination. This bark glides over a subterranean stream, under a long arched cavern which opens on the valley of Fontaines.

In the midst of the enchanting repose and security of this valley, the renegade again listens to the persuasions of Ezilda; and after a partial conversion to her faith, confesses his affection, and even the day for their union is appointed, when Alaor, informed by Gondair of his retreat, comes into the valley with a martial cavalcade to convey Agobar to his army, several of the chieftains having agreed on the destruction of Athim, and being anxious for Agobar as their leader. The renegade, led away by his warlike temperament, his desire of vengeance, and the idea that his army expects him, breaks from Ezilda, to whom he had vowed to desert war and the Saracen cause, and leaves the valley of Fontaines. But the renegade and his young friend have been betrayed, and the plot which Alaor had been made to believe really existed, was but a feint to discover the abode of Agobar, or put him in the power of Athim. They are brought to the castle of Mohammud, and thrown into a noisome dungeon, where, in sight of his friend, Alaor is pierced to death with javelins.

Ezilda, following that destiny which she believes is marked out for her, departs from the valley to lead the troops of Segorum against the Moors. The most brilliant reception is given her by the army; and heading them, she marches to Charles Martel's camp; his success, which freed Christian Europe from the Saracens, is owing to Ezilda's band, commanded by Leodat, prince of Avernes. After the battle, the horse of Ezilda suddenly carries her from the field to the monument of Fabius, where Agobar, imprisoned by the orders of Athim, has been stabbed and left for dead, when the infidel army was overcome. Ezilda discovers signs of life, and by her cares re-animates the prince for a moment; he bids her tenderly farewell, and imploring divine forgiveness, dies in her arms.

Many months after the victory of Namorel, Ezilda, in disguise, with an urn in her arms, entreats at the gates of St. Amalberge to be allowed to enter; the elegance and nobility of her deportment, her dignity and sweetness of manner, interest the abbess. She is received as a novice; being weakened by long sufferings and incessant vigils and prayers, she dies on the anniversary of the death of Clodomir, after revealing to the abbess that she is the illustrious princess of the Cevennes.

The abbess, in placing the urn Ezilda brought, into her sarcophagus, inspects the contents of it; it holds nothing but ashes, and two rings inscribed with the names of Clodomir and Ezilda.

ISABEL, OR THE RAVEN'S TOWER.

Fair Isabel (for so she was styled) was the sole daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Fitzhammond, the sixth in descent from the leader of the twelve knights who conquered Glamorganshire from the Welsh. Her father, although left a widower in an early stage of life, continued unmarried merely for her sake; and when not called to the field, attended solely to her education. She answered to his cares by the quickest improvements of the mind; but the lustre of her beauty was indescribable. Unhappily, the partiality of her doting parent, and the universal adoration paid to her person, intoxicated the mind of the young and thoughtless heiress. She refused, with unbecoming disdain, many honourable offers of marriage, and at the age of twenty seemed determined to pass her life in 'single blessedness.' Yet, fair

Isabel had a susceptible heart, and had been much affected by the silent and mysterious assiduities of an unknown admirer, who most strangely waited on her very thoughts, and prevented every wish. She loved splendour, and the richest jewels were found in the interior of her cabinet. Flowers were her delight, and she saw, even in winter, the rose and jessamine of the east bloom among the rugged cliffs of her father's castle. If she thought of dress, her coffers were filled with the richest silks from Persia, and with the most delicate muslins from the Indies. Gratitude inclined her heart to love; and, almost involuntarily, she once breathed a wish that she might see the person to whom she owed so many favours. Instantly an elegant figure, blooming as an Adonis, and clothed in an azure vest, knelt before her. He did not press her hand, (for sylphs are only air,) but he described to her the purity of his passion, and earnestly pressed for an acknowledgment of love, and a promise of fidelity and secrecy. The mind of fair Isabel was delicacy itself, and an incorporeal lover just suited the ideas which she had formed; she gave her assent to the spirit's demand, and bound herself to eternal silence as to the connexion, and to listen to no other swain than to the beautiful being who lay at her feet, and exulted in his success.

For some time every scene was a scene of happiness. Participating in the power of her aerial lover, Isabel extended her natural benevolence to all around her. The fishermen on the neighbouring coasts never laid their nets or hook in vain. The farmers had good crops; and the labourers never felt ill health, nor wore out their clothes. The very goats on the mountains had their share in the amiable girl's distribution of benefits, and found abundance of grass amid the rigour of Christmas frost.

But this gay vision lasted not long. Fair Isabel was now twenty-three; and Sir Robert, impatient to have an heir to his estate, seemed to have forgotten his usual complacency to his daughter's caprice, and earnestly pressed her to marry.

He chose for her alliance a wealthy and potent baron; an old friend and contemporary of his own, but a suitor by no means proper to wear a young beauty from her attachment to a single life. Isabel retired to her closet and wept. The sylph appeared, listened to her melancholy story, and bade her be easy. That very evening the baron fell from his horse, and broke his neck; and fair Isabel thought that all her persecutions were over. But Sir Robert was not easily discouraged; another admirer was soon found for his lovely daughter. He was noble, young, and handsome. The knight introduced him to fair Isabel; she received him with politeness; and, strange to tell, when she withdrew to her apartment, did not invoke the sylph to guard her from this new danger. But the sylph appeared uninvoked, and in a crimson robe. His countenance for the first time wore symptoms of displeasure. He remonstrated with Isabel on her approaching inconstancy, told her that his crimson vest was the symbol of revenge for violated oaths, and disappeared with a malicious frown.

A few hours after, the youth who aspired to the hand of Isabel hastened to the castle to pay his vows. Sir Robert wished him to see the prospect his lofty towers afforded. He looked over the battlements of the highest; a dizziness at once seized him, and he fell down a perpendicular cliff into the river which roared beneath. He was dead long before he reached the water.

This horrid disaster, connected too with the death of the baron, overpowered all the fears and the scruples of the fair cause of all this mischief. She threw herself on her knees to her father-confessor, and told him the fatal tale. The

monk reproved her folly, set before her eyes the danger and wickedness of listening to a spirit of the air; and, after having enjoined a penance, more proportioned to the delicacy and rank of Isabel, than to the nature of her fault, he with great prudence visited her father, told him a part of the story, and earnestly advised him to remove, as soon as possible, with his daughter, to some more frequented place, where she might lose the remembrance of the late melancholy scenes.

Sir Robert, when he had heard the monk's narration, hesitated not a moment to make ready for his journey. He dreaded a spirit more than a legion of armed knights, and his preparations were hastened by the various and frightful noises which filled the castle at midnight. At his departure, he left directions with the pious monk, that mass should be said in every room of the castle, and particularly in that lofty turret (now called the raven's tower,) whence the unfortunate lover had fallen; and where, every night, the most hideous yelling seemed to centre.

He steered his course to Windsor, where the Third Edward then held a splendid feast, in imitation of king Arthur's round table. The rank and military credit of Sir Robert gave him a distinguished place in the hall; and the exquisite loveliness of Isabel, now for the first time seen at her sovereign's court, caused an universal remark, that no one could deserve her except the handsome knight, who had carried off the prize two succeeding days, and had baffled the most experienced frequenters of the tournament. The knight thought so too; and hastened to lay his laurels at the feet of fair Isabel. This he could do with the more propriety, since his father, the Lord de Beaumont, was the old friend and fellow-soldier of Sir Robert Fitzhammond. The acquaintance between the veteran warriors was now renewed, and the tournaments being ended, Sir Robert and the fair Isabel were easily persuaded to accompany the Lord de Beaumont to Odiham Castle, the place of his residence. It was there that Sir Henry (for that was the name of the fortunate knight,) declared his passion; nor did the daughter of Sir Robert frown upon her accomplished admirer. The parents approved the marriage, and the nuptial preparations went on apace, when a cloud of melancholy, visible on the brow of the fair heiress, alarmed the vigilant eye of her lover. She kept him not in suspense, but told him fairly the pranks of the revengeful fiend, and owned that a dismal presentiment told her that she had yet further effects of his malice to apprehend. Sir Henry had been bred a soldier, and had served with honour in the wars of Edward. He had thought little of preternatural beings, nor was it probable that a fairy tale should slacken his pursuit of so fair a prize as Isabel. He smiled at her fears, consoled her with professions of attachment, and left her that he might hasten the wedding.

The appointed day came at last. The guests flocked to the castle of Odiham, and the warder's horn grew hoarse with announcing visitors. The abbot of Farnham united the lovers in the chapel of the castle, and they had all sat down to dinner, when a minstrel requested admittance. A venerable figure, bending under the weight of his harp, now entered the hall. He was seated nearly facing the bride; and soon began a strain which drew her involuntary attention. It was not fitted to enliven the company; instead of the joys of Hymen, it painted the guilt of broken vows, and the certain penalty which awaited them. He accompanied his song with a symphony composed of such discordant and terrifying sounds, that the stoutest knights felt their blood chill within their veins. As to the bride, she could not conceal her sensations, but wept bitterly, and had almost fainted.

Nothing but the respect usually paid to the character of a minstrel, saved the wanderer from being roughly handled. He was, however, bidden to retire. He did so, refusing the refreshment and reward which was offered to him; but he left a gloom on the spirits of the company, which neither love nor wine could repel.

In the evening, the great hall resounded with cheerful music, the sprightly dance began, and by degrees the minstrel was well nigh forgotten. Midnight now approached, when the warder's horn gave notice of a stranger. It was a person of more than ordinary stature, in the habit of a monk, who demanded an audience of the bride, on business of importance.

Isabel felt a renewal of horror; she hesitated, and the company loudly interposed and ridiculed the insolence of the request. But a second message totally overpowered the resolution of the bride. It was to this purpose, that she should recollect the crimson vest, and that, if she came not out, the monk would attend on her in the ball-room.

The wretched Isabel, who now comprehended the horror of her fate, and dreaded a public interview, gathered courage from despair, and mournfully pressing her husband's hand, she rushed out of the hall, and entered the apartment where the dreaded monk attended her. The terrified bridegroom, and part of the company, followed her steps. The door of the room was shut; but a piercing shriek tempted them to burst it open. They did so, but the lady and the monk were not to be found.

The agonies of the family cannot be described. The miserable father of Isabel soon sunk beneath his load of distress. The bridegroom set out the next day for the Holy Land, but was lost in the passage; and the unhappy Lord de Beaumont survived his son not many months. And here the strange tale would end, were it not for a still more mysterious supplement which the tradition of the country affords.

On a rocky cliff, only separated from the castle of Langarran by a narrow stream, dwelt father Stephen, a holy anchorite. He had been a commander in the Scottish wars under the first Edward, and had been led by military license to do actions, which, in his cooler moments, he looked on with detestation and remorse. He had quitted his rank, had bestowed his estate on the church, and had for some years subsisted on the charity of the people, and particularly on that of the fair Isabel.

One part of the penance which he had enjoined to himself, for his enormities, was to spend each midnight hour on his bare knees in prayer, on the most exposed and rugged spot of the cliff, which afforded him a cave.

On the night of Isabel's disappearance, his orisons were interrupted by the sound of female distress. He raised his eyes, and saw, by the beams of the moon, a female figure, dressed magnificently, and adorned with jewels and other bridal elegance, which he recognised for that of his benefactress, in the open cloister, leading westward, forced onwards by some invisible being; which, in spite of her affecting shrieks, convulsive struggles, and arms stretched to heaven for relief, hurried her to the folding gates of the western tower. The gates opened slowly with a creaking sound, as if unwilling to admit her, but closed upon her when she had entered with a loud report. In less than a minute a raven of an enormous bulk rose slowly from the tower's roof, and after soaring round twice or thrice, screaming dismally all the time, mounted to the clouds, and was lost.

Father Stephen left his prayers unfinished, descended a rock, and, passing the stream in his little skiff, alarmed the servants at the castle. They received him as their guardian angel, as they had

been thrown into the deepest terror, by the various noises and exclamations of woe which had haunted the castle during the last hour. They proceeded timidly through the cloister with father Stephen at their head. When he put the enormous key into the lock of the folding gates, they started, and would have left him, but shame prevented. The veteran, armed with the cross, and pronouncing the most holy words, entered the western tower; but all was quiet. Nor after the strictest search could any thing be found to clear up the mystery, except a small, but high-finished rose, composed of diamonds and rubies; an ornament which the hapless Isabel was known to have worn in her hair, on the evening of her deplorable wedding.

Thus far proceeds the story of the fair unfortunate Isabel. Maurice, the brother of Sir Robert, would not enter the castle until it had been solemnly exorcised by a whole synod of neighbouring monks, and even then, the raven's tower was proscribed, and the folding gates walled up. Within these last three years, however, Augusta, the eldest daughter and the sole favourite of the present Sir Robert, has gained her father's permission to unwall the gate, and to convert the tower (which commands an exquisite prospect) into a library; in which, mindless of tradition, and even at the hazard of being thought an infidel, she sits during the most part of the day, and sometimes, to the astonishment of her family, to a late hour in the evening.

Yet the people around the country still firmly believe that, on the night previous to the decease of any Fitzhammond, a raven alights on the roof of the fatal tower, and utters such mournful sounds, as rather resemble the voice of a human being in distress, than the screamings of an ominous bird.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loze and who win; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Art of Punning by rule.—"By rule?" Yes—thus. A man says, "Mr. Locke was a great metaphysician." "O Lord!" say you, "That's nothing at all—I met a physician myself yesterday." The next rule is, to lay a trap for a pun by a previous question. Say, "Do you think the dinner is ready?" "I really don't know," says one of the company. "I am going to see." "Oh, to sea, are you?" say you, "I wish you a good voyage."—Or thus—say you, "What do you think of this business of the Empress and the Turks?"—"Think!" says one, "why that the Empress will play the very devil with them. Why, sir, in another twelvemonth there will be no Turkey in Europe." "Upon my word," say you, "I am sorry for that—it is a very charming dish, especially with a pudding in its belly." Thus, when you have learned to pun with facility, you may do what you please. One says, "Come, pun away." "Away!" say you, "I had better pun here, had I not?"—"Egad," says another, "he is in for it, stop him who can." "Nay," say you, "what should they stop me for? I have stolen nothing." "Well, upon my word," says the first, "that is beyond every thing." "Oh," say you, "if that is the case, you know I can go no farther." So much for punning.

The Pun desperate.—A Lancashire gentleman having had the misfortune to hurt his leg, which occasioned him to be confined to the house, his friends, wishing to enlighten the tedium of confinement, called to chat with him. In the course of their conversation they asked him, "How he liked the Ayreshire Legatees?" The

invalid replied, "Very well; but at present I would prefer a Lancashire Leg at ease."

A wit having lost the election to a fellowship at — college, which was gained by a candidate of very inferior desert, "Well," said he, "Pope is right—Worth makes the man; the want of it the Fellow."

The Retort.—A gentleman, travelling in a stage coach, had been greatly annoyed by the grimaces of a puppyish dandy. The dandy made one of his low jokes, and accompanied it, as usual, with his own laugh: instead of joining in which, his fellow-traveller very leisurely took a pinch of snuff, when the dandy exclaimed, "Law! Sir, do you take snuff?" The gentleman very composedly, and in a certain tone of voice, replied, (offering his box at the same time,) "Yes, blackguard."

A true bill.—A countryman meeting the vicar of the parish one day, the following dialogue took place. "Did no' yo' say at my wife an' I'r wone?" "I don't recollect ever saying so," replied the vicar. "Bu' I'm shure yo' sed summat loike it, when yo' marri'd us." "I read that," rejoined the vicar. "Then yo' re'd rung; for if yo'd bu' he'd my wife t'i morn', yo'd a swore hoo'd bin twenty."

Conversation between two Hibernians.—"Can you tell me where I'll find Suffolk-street?" "Is it Suffolk-street you want?" "Yes; I want a cousin of mine who lodges there." "Then you'll not find him; he's gone away." "Do you know where?" "Indeed I do not." "Well, show Suffolk-street, honey; somebody there will tell me." "I can't do that thing." "Why so?" "Suffolk-street is gone away too." "And where did it go to? may be my cousin is gone the same way." "Faith, then, if he has, he's gone to pieces."

Miracles.—St. Sebaldu could make the sick well, and restore the dead to life. He could make broken glasses whole again. A peasant of Nordgan having lost his oxen, and being unable to find them in the darkness of night, made his fingers shine like torches, so that the peasant could see as well as at broad daylight. A person at whose house he often stopped, having refused to make a fire for him, he took some icicles from the roof, kindled them, and made a fire. His miraculous powers did not cease with his death. A young monk went to his corpse, took hold of his beard, and said, "Ah, old fellow, how many people have you cheated in your lifetime?" The dead saint immediately raised his right hand, and struck one of the monk's eyes out. The latter shrieked, and begged pardon; on which the dead saint replaced the monk's eye. Sebaldu died in 901.—(From the Chronicles of Nuremberg.)

Singular tenure.—At Langsett, in Yorkshire, a farm at Broad-House pays yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq. a snow-ball at midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas. This is a very ancient custom; and the red rose can be applicable only to the rival house of Lancaster with that of York. Roses we well know can be made to bloom at Christmas; but a snow-ball cannot so easily be obtained at midsummer: accordingly the flower called snow-ball, a vulgar name for the guelder-rose, has been allowed to be substituted.

Force of imagination.—We have heard an anecdote of a servant who was employed in shaving his master, when a tenant brought a considerable sum of money in gold. The glittering metal lay in a heap on the table before the gentleman, who desired the servant to proceed in the operation which he had already commenced. The valet advised him to lock up the gold first, which the master refused to do. As the valet continued his du-

ty, he repeated the advice, but without success; and, at length, he pressed it so anxiously, that his master grew angry, and desired him to be silent. The man obeyed, but his agitation became excessive, his hand trembled, and at last he threw the razor down and ran out of the room. The master followed, and, having brought him back, questioned him as to the cause of such extraordinary conduct. He confessed that the sight of the gold, in the situation in which he was placed, with a razor so near the throat of his master, had turned his head. He supplicated for pardon on his knees, but at the same time reproached his master with having placed such a horrible temptation before him.—This man no doubt was a very honest fellow, but he had allowed his mind to dwell upon the simple idea of the possibility of the murder and robbery, until by degrees his imagination had acquired such a force, as left him only the power of avoiding a great crime by flying!

Unwearied attachment.—In the beginning of the month of November, 1803, was married, Mr. Thomas Duffy, a respectable farmer of Epperstone, near Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, (Eng.) to Miss Grame, a lady of fortune in the county of Westmoreland. The annals of matrimony scarce afford a more singular instance of unwearied attachment than the following:—The parties were known to each other in their youth, and became mutually enamoured; but the unrelenting opposition of parents broke off the match. Mr. D. found another connexion; he married, and was the father of several children, and became a widower. His first love was again by correspondence renewed, again frustrated. By the same means he sought consolation in the arms of a second wife, his family again increased, and he a second time became a widower. His first flame still unextinguished, once more renewed, and former obstacles being extinct, after a lapse of 25 years, without ever seeing each other in the interval, this couple have at length united.

Telling one's age.—A lady the other day was asked by an envious female acquaintance her age. "Really," said she, "I do not know, but I must be about thirty." "It is very extraordinary," replied the other, with a sneer, "that you do not know your age." "I never count my years," said the lady; "I am not afraid of losing a single year: none of my female friends will rob me of one."

Chinese punishments.—The emperor of China seldom orders a subject to be executed until he has consulted with his first law officers, whether he can avoid it without infringing on the constitution of his realm. He fasts for a certain period previous to signing an order for an execution; and his imperial majesty esteems those years of his reign the most illustrious, and most fortunate, in which he has had the least occasion to let fall upon his subjects the rigorous sword of justice. The usual capital punishments in China are strangling and beheading. The former is more common, and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes, which, however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity; for instance, all acts of homicide, whether intentional or accidental; every species of fraud committed upon government; the seduction of a woman, whether married or single; giving abusive language to a parent; plundering or defacing a burying-place; robbing with destructive weapons; and for wearing pearls. This extraordinary law against wearing pearls, must have been formed for the sake of preventing robberies. Criminals are sometimes strangled with a bow-string, but on general occasions, a cord is made use of, which fastens the person to a cross, and one turn being taken round his neck, it is drawn tight by an athletic executioner.

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COWPER.

PELOPONNESSUS. No. II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALTE-BRUN.

(Translated for the Minerva.)

From the middle of Arcadia runs southward the high chain of Taygeta, which, seen above the sea from a distance of 30 miles, recalled to Chateaubriand the aspect of the Alps: the snow in its valleys remains until midsummer. Cape Tenarus, now Cape Matapan, justifies by its terrific appearance the superstition which made it the vestibule of Pluto's empire. The eastern ridges of this chain are like an English Park. There the warriors of Sparta obtained excellent game for their feasts, and there the Lacedemonian virgins celebrated the feasts of Bacchus, and assisted at tragedies of the primitive description, that is to say, at the celebrations in honour of the god of vineyards.

Opposite Taygeta, Mount Zarex, detached from the southeast extremity of Arcadia, traverses the shores of the gulf of Argos, and forms Cape Malee or Malio. So the fertile and magnificent valley of Laconia, bounded by these two chains, and only opening to the south on the fine bay of Kolokythia, must suffer by turns great cold and sultry heat; a climate, which formerly the hardy Spartan enjoyed the more, as he gave up all labour to his slaves.

To the south-east of Arcadia, Mount Lycaum stretches into an elevated chain, which encloses Messenia. Elis may be considered a fertile plain, at the western base of Arcadia. But at the side of its smiling plantations of Corinth grapes and fine fields of cotton, salt marshes spread insalubritly.

The northern borders of Arcadia are rough with mountains: Cyllene, Erymanthus, and Olenus offer summits perhaps as elevated as Taygeta or Lycaum. The border which separates Arcadia from the coast is ancient Achaia, full of rocky hills in the eastern part, towards Patras, of large and fertile plains. Oliver and Ponqueville have admired the beautiful and rich vegetation of this northern extremity of Peloponnessus: wheat, cotton, and Corinth grapes abound. According to Chandler, the air is unhealthy when the northeast winds spread exhalations from the swamps of Achelous.

Towards the isthmus, Sicyonia and Corinthus present some cultivation in the midst of bare or wooded rocks; but on the whole, this ancient country of the fine arts is not remarkable for fertility. It is the same with all the peninsula which extends south of the isthmus towards the Scyllæum promontory, and which appears formed by a chain of volcanic hills. The air is hot and dry over these rocks, which are broken up by torrents, whose courses, dry during the greater part of the year, are marked by long beds of the laurel-rose. The temple of Esculapius, placed in the centre of this region, owed probably a great part of its reputation to its high, wooded, and salubrious situation. In the angle formed by this chain with the eastern border of Arcadia, the gulf of Napoli di Romania, washes the broad plain of ancient Argolis, the first seat of Greek civilization, and which, on account of the fine port of Napoli, will perhaps now again be the best place for a capital.

The port of Nayarín in Messenia equals or surpasses that of Napoli in extent, security, and military advantages; but there is no convenient place in the environs for building a considerable city. Monemvasia possesses, with a good port, the advantage of a site as agreeable as easy to defend; but it has no communication with the interior. Patras is an important link

in commerce, and Corinth with its Acropolis may become a respectable fortress; but these two cities are too far from the centre. Tripolitza has been very judiciously chosen by the Turks, on account of its central situation in a wide plain, free of defiles. But Peloponnessus, when free, will need a maritime capital.

However, all the dreams which the natural beauty of this peninsula inspires, seem to lose their splendour and vanish like phantoms, as soon as we turn our eyes to the inhabitants. We will not at this moment repeat all that European travellers have said against the Greeks who reside in the cities of Peloponnessus; suffice it to say, that the most ardent partisans of the Greek insurrection do not count upon them. It is only the country clergy, the shepherds and peasants of Peloponnessus, that possess rare and good qualities: this race of real *Moreans* have physical strength, beauty, simple manners, virtuous habits, patriotic and religious sentiments, every thing necessary in a nascent nation except those qualities unfortunately indispensable, to know how to march in a strait line, and to stand cannon fire.

The clergy in the country are hardened to privations; very often their only churches are caverns, or the verdant shades of ancient forests; but an unbounded confidence attaches the flock of the faithful to their pastors, poor as the apostles and zealous as martyrs. The monasteries of Peloponnessus, for the most part fortified by nature, contain a hardy and warlike population. The Mega-Spilcon, or Great Cavern, is a complete fortress built at the mouth of an immense hollow, the extent of which has not yet been ascertained. The monks of Mega-Spilcon are highly esteemed, even among the Turks, because in the war of 1770 they saved the lives of many Musselmén prisoners.

In the year 1770 some Albanese tribes drove the Russians from Peloponnessus; but once masters of the country, they refused in part to vacate it. The tribe of Bakiarys endeavoured to keep possession of the town of Tripolitza, but were cut to pieces by the Turks, who erected on the field a pyramid of 3000 skulls, cemented together.

Among the *Tzacouites*, on the eastern mountains of Laconia, are some villages in which they speak a Doric dialect; these then must be some remains of the ancient Lacedemonians.

The peasants of Peloponnessus are peaceable, and cultivate their fields for the profit of the Turkish, Albanese, and Greek feudatories. The increasing avidity of the Beys and Lords has driven them to despair. But the Turks, who wish to retain the Morea, will not have simply a race of shepherds to contend with. That peninsula swarms with barbarian hordes heavily armed; and, in every favourable position, fortified towers announce the presence of warlike masters.

LITERATURE.

THE VALE OF ALDOMAR. No. III.

Oswald, who, till now, had been scarcely conscious of the enormity of his guilt, was roused to a sense of his danger by the dying cries of Eliza. Believing it to be the only way of escaping the punishment due to his crime, he commenced a rapid flight to the westward, in which he continued an uninterrupted course for several days, till, exhausted by fatigue, he crept into a close-bound thicket to pass the night. On opening his eyes in the morning, he was horror-struck at beholding a panther sleeping but a short distance from him. By a sudden effort Oswald attempted to break his way through the thicket. The noise awoke the savage beast, who no sooner observed his prey than he sprung towards him. Before

reaching his destined victim, however, the panther fell to the ground and expired.

The eye of sportsman, in his walk,
Had by the rustling bush been caught;
Quick to his shoulder was applied
The rifle hanging by his side.
A random aim—for neither foe
Was seen by him who sent the blow.
A random aim—yet never went
A truer shot by sportsman sent;
For to the heart the ruin flew,
And scatter'd death and murder through.

Oswald was conveyed by the rustic to his cottage, where he continued till the following summer. From his unsocial and melancholy appearance, his host deemed him a maniac, and permitted him to remain. At the close of a sultry day, while the neighbours were assisting the cottager in collecting his grain, a tremendous storm forced them to take refuge in the cottage where Oswald was sitting. During the rage of the elements without,

Th' assembled group, with tales the while,
The terrors of the night beguile;
And each in turn his story told,
How fearlessly, in virtue bold,
He'd seen the spectres burst the tomb,
And ghosts and goblins stride the gloom.

Screen'd from the lightning's vivid glare,
Did Oswald list their tales of fear;
And now a smile, and now a sigh,
Or another's groan was his reply.
What causes now his eye to roll,
What phrenzy shakes his inmost soul?
What makes his anxious bosom swell?
His heart to feel the pangs of hell?

A tale more fearful than the rest,
Suspends the breath within his breast.

The tale went on:—"I heard it plain—
I heard it through the blast—again
As near the water's edge I stood,
E'en louder than the roaring flood,
The thrilling voice still pierc'd the air
With dreadful shrieks of murder there.

On th' opposing bank, where high
The beech-tree stands, I cast my eye;
Just then the moon's reflected fire
Shot forth, I saw the forms of—
"Detested liar, thou saw'st it not!"
Cried Oswald, starting from the spot—
"Thou wast not there, the silver moon
Was witness to the deed alone.
That, and the wand'ring fiends of hell,
The damned deed alone can tell.
'Twas I that plung'd her in the wave,
And on her seek untimely grave.
'Twas I alone—no other soul
Beheld the blood-stain'd torrent roll!"
A wild convulsive laugh express'd
Again the secret of his breast.

The lightning's flash that gleam'd around,
Was scarce more swift than Oswald's bound,
When from the cot he sped his way
And dar'd the elemental fray.

In wonder wrought, the group amaz'd,
All silent sat and wildly gaz'd,
Where Oswald, in each flash of light,
Appear'd a stricken fiend of night—
A fiend from heaven, spur'd and sent
Down to his native element.

'Twas so indeed; for still his path
Lay through the thick of heaven's wrath;
And heaven's vengeance from on high
Broke in his ear, flash'd in his eye—
Nay, all its host of horrors shed
Upon his wretched guilty head.

Continuing his flight for several months, Oswald got beyond the vale of Aldomar, far from the reach of civilized men.—Here he took up his abode in a cave, and became so ferocious in his appearance, that even the bears and wolves of the forest would not approach him. In this situation, with the rock for his pillow, did the murderer of Eliza strive to linger out his wretched existence. One cold, dreary, and rainy night, after having stretched his vile carcass on the flinty ground, Oswald heard a noise which alarmed him. He starts up, seizes his club, and listens. A band of Indians enter the cave and kindle a fire at its mouth, round which they place themselves. Their countenances were overcast with melancholy. After some time had elapsed, the chief got up and made a speech, from which Oswald learns that the band was returning from a battle, in which they had been defeated with great slaughter. The warrior stated that the

"Spirit whom the foe adore,"

came from on high to their assistance; that in order to ascertain what sort of a spirit this was, he "stole where the foe

their watch-fires keep," and was in amazement when he beheld that "*Wamba*," (Ellen,) was the object of their adoration. Here follows the song, which the Indians chanted in her praise; on concluding the recitation of which, the chief calls for the sacrifice of a prisoner they had accidentally taken, as an offering to appease the wrath of their own deity, who they believed had deserted them on this occasion, on account of some particular sin which they had committed.

Quickly the pile was rear'd—and high
The flames rose bright and rapidly.
Fast bound in thongs of yew-tree bark
The victim came; his visage dark
Express'd the anguish of his soul—
His glaring eyeball's vacant roll,
Bespoke a mind that little cared
To meet the death his foes prepared.
But, oh, what wild discordant shrieks
The rocky cavern's echo speaks,
Through the triumphant songs of praise
While now he meets the vengeful blaze.
Loud shrieks of anguish and despair
Mid songs of triumph rend the air.

INDIAN'S SONG OF SACRIFICE.

The morning was fair, and the bright beaming sun
To our hopes gave a promise the field should be won;
But the evening came on, and the tempest arose,
And the sons of the mighty have fled from their foes.

Why came not our god, then, in glory and might,
To stem the full torrent of blood in the fight?
Why came not our god, from his mansion afar,
To lead to the fight and preside in the war?

The foemen triumphant carouse on the plain;
They are quaffing the blood of our warriors slain;
They taunt us, they mock us, they scorn us who fled;
They are drunk with the blood which our warriors shed.

Why comes not our god, then, in glory and might,
To strike the proud foe, and to scatter in flight?
Why comes not our god, from his mansion afar,
To lead to the fight, and preside in the war?

Oh, come in the whirlwind, appear in thy wrath!
Let the red bolt of vengeance flash bright in thy path!
Lead us on to the fight! let the foe on the plain
Be down'd in the blood of the brave they have slain!

"I am here!" exclaim'd Oswald. He sprung 'midst
the band,
And he wav'd, as he spoke, the huge club in his
hand:—

"I have come in my might from my mansion afar,
To lead in the fight, and preside in the war.

Your shame I have seen through the lightning's
red flash;
Your cries I have heard 'mid the thunder's loud
crash—

Through the lightning's red glare, as it gleams
through the sky;
'Mid the thunder's loud crash round my mansion
on high.

Go forth to the field, and your foes shall be
hur'd!
In a tempest of wrath, to the depth of the world.
To the field—for I've come from my mansion afar,
To lead in the fight, and preside in the war!"

So loud a shout, so wild a cry
Of joy resounded through the sky;
The mountains shook, and every glen
In wonder shouted back again.
The panther dropp'd his trembling prey,
Shrunk back in fear, and crept away;
And though but just condemn'd to die,
The trembling hare forgot to fly;
The bear, within the hollow oak,
His terrors in a growl bespoke;
The owl that kept his watch on high,
Clung to the branch, nor gave reply;
The wintry blast spread wide the sound,
And scattered dread and terror round.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

LONDON THEATRES.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

English Opera House.—A new melodrama, of two acts, entitled *Gordon the Gipsy*, was produced at this theatre on the 6th of August. The following is an outline of the story:

Gavin Cameron, the laird of Drummond's Keep, having murdered the former laird, is overtaken by remorse in his old age, and he is moreover unhappy on account of the loss of his son Allan, whose

fate is not known. He had intended that his niece Alice should be the wife of his son, and he fondly clings to the hope that he may yet return, when Gordon the Gipsy, the son of the murdered laird, panting to revenge his father's death, and to possess himself of the beautiful Alice, enters the castle by a secret passage, supposed to be known only to the assassin and his son, and is received by the laird as the lost Allan. It is proper to remark, that this Gordon has become the chief of a gypsy gang, and has committed numerous crimes, for which his life is forfeited, in consequence of which a large sum is offered by the government for his apprehension. Allan has been absent 16 years, and his representative easily imposes on the laird, but an old woman in his household discovers him to be a cheat, and proclaims the imposture. Her testimony is not credited, and when through her means Gordon is arrested, and recognised by others as the Gypsy outlaw, the laird, satisfied that his enemy is really his son, enables him to fly from justice. Cameron is subsequently convinced of his error, when he, with his niece, falls into the hands of the Gypsy. His doom is pronounced, and Gordon prepares to put him to death, but at this moment the soldiers sent in quest of him perceive the object of their search. Their arrival, however, prevents not the execution of his design. He succeeds in revenging the murder of his father, by killing the laird, and falls himself by the fire of the military.

The piece was well received, and the music is highly spoken of. It was given out for a second representation amidst the plaudits of a numerous and respectable audience.

AUGUST 26.

The long-announced opera of *Gil Blas*, in five acts, was brought out last night. The first three acts are founded on selections from the admirable novel, which gives name to the piece. The two last acts are indebted for their incidents entirely to the invention of the author.—The drama introduces *Gil Blas* at the age of 17, on the point of leaving his uncle, the old canon. The persons and circumstances which immediately follow: the threatening mendicant; the capture of *Gil Blas* by the robbers, and his escape with Donna Mencia, are given with almost scrupulous accuracy. The hero of the piece is then introduced to us at the age of 25; and the violence which might be supposed to be committed on our imagination by this change is more seeming than real; for it passed off on the stage with complete success. By an excusable liberty which has been taken with the novel, a marriage takes place between *Gil Blas* and Donna Mencia; and this brings us to the end of the third act. Another change is then effected; and *Gil Blas* is brought before us at the age of 52. He is at court, and in favour; and he is the father of a lovely daughter, who is supposed to resemble him when he was young.

At the falling of the curtain there was much division of opinion among the audience; but, on Mr. Bartley's announcing the piece for repetition, he stated that it would be curtailed; and this prudent appeal to their liberality had the desired effect. Since which the piece has been reduced to three acts, and has met with a highly favourable reception.

AUGUST 20.

Coburg Theatre.—A new historical Melo-drame, or rather Spectacle, entitled *Edward the Black Prince*, was produced at this Theatre, with decided success. The history of the celebrated hero of the piece is taken up shortly before the battle of Poitiers, and carried down, with tolerably close attention to historical accuracy, to the installation of the Order of the Garter. The scenery is magnificent, the dress appropriate, and the pageants splendid. The curtain descended amidst

loud plaudits, and the piece was triumphantly announced for repetition.

AUGUST 26.

Hay Market Theatre.—A new farce, entitled *Family Jars*, was brought forward last evening at this theatre. The following is the fable:

Mr. Porcelain, a respectable china-man, being about to retire from business, forms the project of marrying his son (*Benedict*) to the daughter of his partner, and (*Delph*) his foreman has also an intention of marrying his son (*Diggory*) to a relation. Both the sons, however, being clandestinely married, find it requisite to make their fathers acquainted with the circumstance, for which purpose *Benedict* secures the intercession of *Delph* with *Porcelain*, and *Diggory* solicits *Porcelain* to advocate his cause with *Delph*, which gives rise to a double equivocal; for *Liddy* (the wife of *Diggory*) being concealed in an upper apartment of the warehouse, encounters *Porcelain*, whom she mistakes for the father of her husband, and who is exceedingly disgusted with his son's supposed choice; and *Emily*, the wife of *Benedict*, coming to the house to entreat forgiveness for her husband, meets with *Delph*, whom she mistakes for *Porcelain*; while he, conceiving her to be the wife of *Diggory*, is delighted with his imagined daughter-in-law. Meanwhile, the disappointed partner insisting on a partition of stock, the parties are brought together in the warehouse, where an éclaircissement takes place, and the respective fathers become satisfied with the election of their sons.

After sitting through *Family Jars* with patience, we were as unable to account for the production of such a piece as to understand its reception; that it was vigorously applauded, however, we are bound to repeat; and if the public are pleased, the purpose of the managers, we apprehend, is answered.

SEPTEMBER 1.

English Opera House.—A musical farce was produced with considerable success at this theatre. It is called *Gretna Green*. The plot is not original, and turns upon the double elopement of *Lord Lovewell* with the rich ward of an old guardian, who wishes to appropriate her youth and wealth to himself and a discarded valet, who, with the clothes, has assumed the title of his Lordship, and persuaded a housemaid out of place to elope with him. Their mutual deceptions are exposed by the inn-keeper at *Gretna Green*, who, in his haste to obtain 50*l.* offered for the detention of the ward, allows the real fugitives to escape in the habits of their humble representatives, and having been united by the high priest of *Gretna Green*, they are, of course, forgiven by the disappointed guardian. The piece has some pointed jokes and sprightly dialogues; but its success is chiefly owing to the excellent acting. The singing is but indifferent. The two first scenes are lively; but the piece rather flags in its progress. There is considerable tact displayed in the situations. No skill, however, can compensate the want of wit and original conception. The farce on the whole went off well.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-lane Theatre.—The whole of the interior of this theatre has been pulled down, even to the bare walls, for the purpose of contracting the area assigned to the audience. An Italian of eminence is engaged to superintend the paintings on the boxes. The time now fixed for opening is the 1st of October, but the latest period will be the 14th.

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, takes in future, at Drury-lane Theatre, the same situation behind the curtain that he held many years with his friend Mr. Harris.

Little Clara Fisher is now performing in the West of England, and at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, is engaged there for a limited number of nights.

Covent-garden Theatre.—Alterations are making at Covent-garden Theatre, as well as at Drury-lane, but not on so large a scale as the latter.

It seems to be supposed that Mr. C. Kemble is the chief manager of Covent-garden Theatre; but all its concerns are now regulated by a committee.

Amongst the performers new to the Covent-garden, engaged for the ensuing season, is Mr. Bartley, of the English Opera House.

Miss Paton, the singer, is engaged for Covent-garden Theatre, at a rising salary.

Miss Blake, the pupil of Mr. Nathan, who was so successful in her performance of *Captain Macheath* last season at the Haymarket Theatre, has been exerting her talents with such effect during the present season at the Royal Cobourg Theatre, that the liberal proprietor has prolonged her engagement upon very advantageous terms.

Mr. Kean commenced an engagement for twelve nights at Edinburgh, in the character of Richard III. He was well received, and the house has been crowded every night.

Mr. John Kemble is going to quit his Helvetic hermitage on a short expedition to Italy. The last report represents him to be in good health.

Mrs. Siddons is at present enjoying comparative retirement, with good health, at Malvern, having resisted invitations from numerous private friends.

English Drama in France.—It appears that the English company are now allowed to perform in Paris without interruption, and are partially encouraged by a respectable number of French amateurs of the English drama.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DACIER.

This lady was the daughter of Tanne-gui le Fevre, Greek professor at Saumur, where she was born in the year 1651. Her father had no design of bringing her up to the study of the belles lettres; but her own happy disposition for learning, determined him to afford her all his attentions in this pursuit. This learned man educated a son, and was emulous of nothing so much as of seeing him a proficient in the study of languages. Whilst his father was giving him his lessons, Ann le Fevre, who was then only eleven years old, used to be sitting by at work upon tapestry. It happened one day that the pupil made an erroneous reply to a question put by his father, when his sister, who was at work, hit him a slap on the shoulder, and pointed out to him his mistake. Her father observing this correction from his daughter, charmed with the discovery, resolved to train her up to the learned languages. She made such uncommon progress, that in a short time she was foremost upon the list of the literati of Europe. This lady has given the world several commentaries upon different Latin authors, and a translation of some of the comedies of Plautus. She has also translated the comedies of Terence, the Plutus, and the Clouds of Aristophanes; also, Anacreon, and the moral reflections of Marcus Aurelius. But her translation of Homer, is the work that has established the reputation of this celebrated lady upon the firmest basis.

She was by the extent of her education, a kind of phenomenon of mount Parnassus. Her manners were gentle and affable, and her character easy and compliable; but this disposition did not prevail whenever she was disturbed in her superstitious worship of the ancients. The warmth with which she defended Homer, in her dispute with Houdart de la Mothe, created her many enemies, amongst whom was the Abbé Carlaud de la Vilate, who has

endeavoured to ridicule her, in his *Critical Essays upon Taste*. "In the person of Madame Dacier, we found, said he, a contrast of the foibles of her own sex, blended with the ferocity of the sons of the North, from which union was produced the most whimsical and grotesque character in nature. Nothing can surpass the astonishing effects of Grecian lore in the head of this woman. She was outrageous in defending the interests of antiquity—whenever she talked of the glorious ages of Alexander and Augustus, she fainted with admiration. I have been informed," he adds, "by a person who had lived with her for a considerable time, that this learned lady, holding a distaff by her side, recited to him the tender farewell between Andromache and Hector, with so much enthusiastic rapture, that she was absolutely bereft of her senses. Her external appearance had a certain bibliographic air, quite incompatible with ease and elegance: for, indeed, what an indecency must she have been guilty of, to fix a pom-poon with the same hand that could pen Greek?" Notwithstanding these pleasantries, Madame Dacier has obtained an immortal reputation by her translations of Terence and Homer. We find, in general, more wit and taste, with less crowded erudition in her works, than in those of her husband. The only reproach she ever really merited, was her unbounded admiration for all that she wrote.

Madame Dacier was so greatly delighted with the Clouds of Aristophanes, which she translated, that she assures us she read it with pleasure at least two hundred times. This, indeed, may be considered as an additional proof of her partiality for the works of antiquity.

When Moliere produced his *Amphitruon*, she wrote a dissertation to prove that Plautus's *Amphitruon* was much superior to Moliere's; but hearing that this poet was writing a comedy, entitled *The Learned Females*, she prudently suppressed the publication of her dissertation.

She married in 1683 monsieur Dacier, who was a member of the academy of Inscriptions, and the French academy, and keeper of the king's cabinet-library at Paris; a post that no longer subsists. By this alliance she had a son, who was more advanced in his studies at ten years old, than others usually are at twenty. He often secretly pocketed books to read them in private. He read in this manner Herodotus and Polybius. A man of judgment one day asking his opinion of these historians, he replied, "Herodotus is very enchanting, but Polybius is a man of great sense."

Madame Dacier received the most flattering marks of esteem from the celebrated Christina, queen of Sweden, and the most illustrious personages of her time; yet the following anecdote will display a singular proof of her modesty. The literati of the North who travel, are, it is well known, very careful of visiting, in every country through which they pass, those persons who are the most distinguished for their learning. They carry with them an *Album*, a kind of book, in which they desire these people of science to write their names, with a sentence. A German gentleman, well known in the republic of letters, paid Madame Dacier a visit, and presented her his book, entreating her to inscribe her name, with a sentence. She took the book, but finding in it with surprise the names of the most illustrious men in Europe, she was going to return it to the traveller, saying, "She should blush to place herself by the side of such distinguished personages." The gentleman redoubled his entreaties, while she still excused herself. At length, however, being obliged to yield to his importunities, she took the pen, and wrote her name, with one line from Sophocles, signifying, "Silence is the ornament of Women."

Madame Dacier died at Paris in 1720; aged sixty-eight years.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each acute and living thing.
CAMPELLE.

REVOLVING PADDLES—STEAM NAVIGATION.

A committee of the English House of Commons, lately drew up a report, which has been printed, on the interesting subject of Steam Navigation, in which they have traced this important invention through all its stages down to the present day. They likewise particularly notice the application of *Revolving Paddles* to steam vessels, which are stated to have been invented by Mr. Oldham, of the Bank of Ireland, and to be exceeded in importance only by the application of steam to the propelling of vessels. The following are the advantages which appear to result from their use:—

First.—The violent action of the paddles of common wheels in striking the water in a rough sea, which shakes and strains both the vessel and the machinery, is entirely removed by the use of the revolving paddles, as they enter and rise out of the water with a peculiarly soft and easy motion.

Secondly.—The revolving paddles cause the engines to work as smoothly and as efficiently in rough weather as in a calm. When a vessel with fixed paddle-wheels rolls, and the paddles become deeply and suddenly immersed in the water, the engines do not make one-half or one-fourth their required number of strokes per minute; not unfrequently they are then so overloaded as to stop altogether, the paddles thus become a source of great danger, and check the vessel's way at the moment when their propelling power is most required.

Thirdly.—When a vessel is carrying sail with a side wind, it often becomes necessary to take in the sails, and sacrifice all the advantages and speed derivable from the wind, otherwise the leeward wheel (in consequence of the vessel laying over) would be so deeply immersed as to work to great disadvantage, and even to impede her way. This very serious inconvenience is entirely obviated by the revolving paddles, which work equally well when axle deep in the water, as when the vessel is upright.

Fourthly.—In bringing the head of the vessel about in a narrow tide-way, or when the sails are taken aback by the sudden shift of the wind, the revolving paddles afford the greatest assistance. In such cases, the paddles on one side of the vessel may instantaneously, by any ordinary seaman, and without stopping the engines, be placed edgewise to the action of the water; the entire power of the engines then acting on the other side, causes the head of the vessel instantly to come about. This is effected without the smallest violence to either the vessel or the engines.

Fifthly.—As it is indifferent to the action of the revolving paddles how deeply they may be immersed in the water, vessels furnished with them are enabled to carry a heavier freight than if appointed with common wheels, as the latter cannot work to advantage if immersed more than 20 inches, or two feet.

Sixthly.—In case of accident to any part of the engines or boilers, when at sea, the revolving paddles may be placed edgewise, and by thus presenting no impediment to the vessel's way, she is enabled to use her sails to the greatest advantage. Should the wind be then on the beam, the paddles have the additional advantage of acting as lee-boards.

Seventhly.—As the revolving paddles cause no loss of power in striking the water, as they enter or rise out of it, vessels appointed with them go much faster than if furnished with common wheels.

Eighthly.—The revolving paddles do

not require so large an external projection as common wheels do. Where the engines are above thirty-horse power, the projection for common wheels is so great as materially to affect the ease and safety of the vessel in a rough sea.

Ninthly.—Vessels with revolving paddles are enabled to employ to advantage engines of a much greater power and with commensurate speed, than if fitted with common wheels. Vessels with common fixed paddle-wheels, like the Post-office packets at Holyhead, when running before the wind in a gale and a heavy sea, cannot employ the full power of their engines with safety, the wheels then running two or three times round without touching the water between the trough of the sea, and then being brought up all at once, are in great danger of causing some part to give way.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

French Voyage of Discovery.—The Coquille corvette, commanded by M. Duperrey, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, the fitting out of which has occupied some months at Toulon, sailed from that port on the 11th of August. She is about to undertake a voyage, from which results interesting to the progress of geography and physical science may be expected. The Coquille will first sail for the Cape of Good Hope. She will afterwards proceed to the Great Archipelago of Asia, several parts of which she will explore. She will also visit the points of the western coast of New Holland, which were observed towards the end of the last century and the commencement of the present, by Rear Admiral Entrecasteaux, and Captain Baudin; and after putting into some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, discovered by Cook and Bougainville, she will return to France by doubling Cape Horn. M. Duperrey is to avail himself of all the favourable circumstances which this long voyage may present, make different observations relative to the configuration of the globe, the inclination of the needle, &c.

Discovery of Gold.—A few weeks ago, a person commenced sinking a shaft for coal, at Little Saughill, near Chester in England, and had penetrated to a depth of from 24 to 25 feet, when the progress of the workmen was arrested by a strong current of water, the peculiar taste of which induced him to think it was impregnated with a metallic material. He accordingly, in quite an indiscriminate way, got up a quantity of the stratum through which it flowed, a quicksand, and immediately submitted it to the powerful test of aqua fortis, &c. and succeeded in procuring several small grains of gold. This success gave a stimulus to further exertions, and a greater portion of the sandy soil or substance, which the water ejected, was collected, washed, and put into a crucible, submitted to a powerful heat, and afterwards, on inspection, two singularly fine grains of pure gold were extracted. This discovery is rather extraordinary, for never before, we believe, has gold been found in this or any other county in England, Cornwall excepted. An experiment on a larger scale is about to be made.

A New Philosopher.—They write from Pavia, that the Sieur Mosati, Professor in that city, has undertaken to prove, by anatomical reasoning, that all the diseases of mankind proceed from their not moving on all-fours, but walking erect on their legs! This new doctrine has occasioned so great a disturbance, as to oblige the author to make his escape from Pavia. Whether he ran off on all-fours, we are not informed.

African Travellers.—The Prussian naturalists, Dr. Ehrenberg and Dr. Hem-

prich, on their travels in the north of Africa, arrived on the 15th of February at the celebrated city of Dongola, the capital of Nubia. Previously, in the years 1820 and 1821, they had sent ten chests and four casks, with subjects of natural history, to the Royal Museum, at Berlin.

Easy method of breaking Glass in any required direction.—Dip a piece of worsted thread in spirits of turpentine, wrap it round the glass in the direction that you require it to be broken, and then set fire to the thread, or apply a red hot wire round the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it while the wire remains hot. By this means glass that is broken may often be fashioned, and rendered useful for a variety of purposes.

Important Discovery.—Application was lately made to an acquaintance of the person who communicates this article, for the loan of one hundred pounds to a young chymist, who had made a discovery which he was too poor even to substantiate by experiment. The money was obtained, and in a few days repaid by the borrower, already raised to sudden affluence by the private disposal of his invention. It is a new mode of tanning skins, combining such rapidity and economy, as promise to the public an immediate and immense advantage. Raw hides, hitherto lying twelve months in the tan-pit, and subjected to a process hitherto defective and precarious, are now perfect leather within six weeks, and at less than half the expense. The gentleman who has bought our discoverer's invention, is a noted opposition member and contractor; and from the terms of his stipulation with the fortunate chymist, we may form some judgment of the probable magnitude of the results. He has paid him ten thousand pounds down: he has given him obligatory deeds securing to him 5,000*l.* on the first of January; 5,000*l.* per annum for the four years next succeeding; and afterwards eleven thousand pounds a-year for life! The young man thus raised to affluence, and indeed to consequence in society, by his own merit, is about twenty-six years of age. It is expected the price of a pair of boots will not exceed eight shillings; and that a correspondent fall will be produced in all articles of leather manufacture.—*Globe.*

An artificial Triton.—At Schevigen, on the 15th August, Mr. Andrew Scheerboom made the experiment of riding on his horse, which he had provided with his newly invented apparatus, into the breakers of the sea, which rose to the height of 12 feet; and having advanced 400 yards directly into the water, he returned to the shore, waving his handkerchief, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators.

Literature.—In the library of York Minster, there is a copy of the first edition of Erasmus's Greek and Latin Testament, 1516, folio, upon vellum.

Poets.—The rage for poetry is not confined to England. The French Academy having offered a premium for the best poem on the devotedness of the French physicians, no fewer than a hundred and twenty-seven bards have sent in their productions for the competition. The critic for the academy has no sinecure.

Hydraulics.—Mr. Henry, an engineer of the French Royal Corps of roads and bridges, has presented to the Academy of Sciences a plan for a new hydraulic machine, the object of which is to weigh loaded boats in the same manner that carriages are weighed, by means of loaded scales. The machine, it is said, will operate under water, without preventing the boats from continuing to float. This new invention may be usefully applied to the collection of customs on navigable canals.

Mechanics.—An apparatus has been invented at Glasgow, for the manufacture of any mineral water requiring to be charged with carbonic acid gas, which amounts, in fact, to the development of a power hitherto unknown, but equal to that of steam. This machine is described as having neither gasometer nor air pump; yet the strength of a boy is ascertained to be capable of compressing into any vessel from thirty to forty atmospheres, as gas, in a few minutes; while to effect the same with a forcing pump would occupy the strength of several men as many hours. A machine equal in force to an engine of forty horse power, and requiring neither fire nor water, would not occupy a space of more than four feet square. In many purposes it may be more applicable than steam.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Seal.—While some of the salmon-fishers were lately busy at their occupation on the Clyde, in Scotland, they caught a large seal, which being considered a curiosity, the master took it home with the intention of keeping it alive, if possible, in a tub of water. When caught, it weighed about 80 lbs. and was so fat that it moved with difficulty and reluctance; but as it has resolutely refused every sort of fish that could be got, and indeed every sort of sustenance, it has now become considerably leaner, and moves about the room with spirit and activity. It leaves the cistern frequently during the day, and returns to it at pleasure. It is already so far domesticated, that it seems to consider the apartment in which it is confined, as its own; and when any of the customers call to see it, it views them with a steady eye, and evinces a determination to defend its aquatic abode against every invader. One day lately, a live braize was put into it, and the spectators were highly amused with the manner in which the seal swam round after the fish. By dexterous manoeuvres it met and snapt at it several times in turning, and could easily have taken the braize had it been so inclined, but after a short pursuit, it stretched itself, and remained motionless at the bottom of the tub. At sight of a dog, it shows every demonstration of rage, and apparently conscious of its inability to fly, promptly prepares for a combat. As it has taken no sustenance since it was caught, and having become leaner, and not less lively, some people think that it has realized the fable of the bear, and lived by sucking its paws.

Quadruped Letter Carrier.—Mr. John Freeman, of Framden, England, some time since, gave to Mr. Charles Freeman, of Stowupland, a mastiff bitch (and her whelp), which is now kept by him, and regularly goes twice a week, sometimes thrice, from Stowupland to the parish of Framden, (in the night,) thereby establishing a post between the parties, it being a distance of about nine miles. Letters are secured on the dog's neck in the evening by Mr. F. of Stowupland, and are received by Mr. F. of Framden, the following morning; the dog remains during the day, never longer, and returns to Stowupland, where letters are received the succeeding morning.

Chicken and Mouse.—A chicken, kept in a pen for fattening, was observed to run about its prison as if pursuing some living animal. On closer inspection, this was found to be a mouse which had entered there for the evident purpose of picking up grains of corn, and thus subtracting from the chicken's store, had excited his deadly animosity, and it pursued the poor little intruder to destruction, pecked it to death, and actually eat the whole of it.

Hawk.—A short time since, while a family at Leigh, near Cricklade, were at dinner, a hawk flew into the room, seized a piece of meat in his claws from the table, and then deliberately flew out again.

MINERVA MEDICA.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The blood may be considered the fountain of life. The heart is the centre and great moving power of the circulation.—The arteries and veins are round tubes, which pervade almost all parts of the body, and serve to carry on the circulation. The arteries carry the blood from the heart, and the veins return it. The arteries increase in number and decrease in size, in their progress from the heart, till they are divided into innumerable branches, which terminate in the veins, which convey it back to the heart. The blood is the great vital current from which all our secretions are elaborated, and from which all the solid and fluid parts of our bodies are formed. The office of the stomach is to recruit the mass of the circulation with fresh supplies. The nutritive part of the food which we consume is, by the action of the stomach, converted into a fluid called chyle. This fluid is conveyed through the fine filter of the stomach into the blood, and becomes a part of the general circulation, and, by the operation of a variety of agencies, is converted into pure blood. This vital stream, pursuing an uninterrupted course through a great variety of vessels, is constantly repairing the waste, supplying new substance, and giving every part of the healthy frame its necessary nourishment.

The heart is a double organ, having two cavities. The blood, distributed from the left cavity of the heart by the *aorta*, is brought back by the veins to the right cavity. A large artery, called the pulmonary artery, is sent off to the lungs from the right cavity, and distributed solely through them. By means of this artery, the blood is propelled through the lungs, and being there exposed to the action of the air, which we are constantly breathing, it is sent back to the right cavity of the heart, fitted for, and is again circulated through the system. The importance of the lungs and of respiration, are evident from a view of this admirable mechanism, by which the blood, having run one course through the system to satisfy its various wants, is again circulated through the lungs to acquire a new dose of oxygen, to fit it for a second circulation. If we estimate the number of arterial pulsations at 75 in a minute, the quantity discharged from the left ventricle of the heart at 2 1-2 ounces each pulsation, and the weight of the blood at 30 pounds, the whole volume of it must pass through the lungs 552 times in 24 hours. The structure of the lungs is well calculated to facilitate the chemical affinity between the blood and air. The membrane which lines the cavities of the lungs is thinner than the finest paper; and if disengaged and distended, would cover the whole body. The pulmonary arteries are spread out upon this coat in innumerable ramifications as fine as hairs, which allow the air and blood to come as nearly as possible in contact. From the variety of purposes answered by the circulation of the blood, it is certain that the health and vigour of the system depend greatly on the purity of this fluid, and this object is no less accomplished by respiration than by digestion. By the preceding sketch of the anatomy of the lungs and heart, the uses of the stomach and blood, it will appear that the blood derives more from the stomach and air, than the stomach does from both; or that their mutual wants are not reciprocal.

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

Value of the Nettle.—Nettle, *urtica urens*. In Shropshire it is dressed and manufactured, like flax, into cloth. This is the case also in France, where it is made into paper. This plant, when dried, is eaten by sheep and oxen. In Russia a green dye is obtained from its leaves,

and a yellow one from its roots. In the spring a salutary pottage is made from the tops. In Scotland they make a runnet from a decoction of it with salt, for coagulating their milk in the making of cheese.

Mildew.—It has been found by repeated experiments, that a solution of salt, at the rate of six to eight bushels an acre, sprinkled over growing wheat, completely cures it of mildew. The solution may either be applied by means of a watering pail, or of a brush moved quickly in the hand after immersion. Two men will go over four acres in a day. The efficacy of salt in destroying the mildew is ascertained, he says, by this well-known circumstance;—wheat, growing within the spray of the sea, is never mildewed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Minerva.

THE FEVER. No. II.

It is still a matter of contention among doctors, whether there are any vessels which may strictly be called *absorbents*. If there are none, then the doctrine of contagion falls to the ground. If there are, then we may rationally account for the effects produced on the lungs, the blood, and the whole mass of fluids, by inhaling foul air. In no other way can we account for the effects produced on the stomach: by breathing the exhalations from putrid fermenting matter, it causes nausea and vomiting. The blood becomes contaminated, the mass of the fluids and secretions corrupted, by inhaling the vapours arising from vegetable and animal matter, while under the process of putrescent fermentation; by breathing the fumes and vapours arising from sublimating arsenic and lead; from waters which contain dead and living animalcula and vegetable matter; from unclean sinks, slips, and docks. And these may all combine, under certain circumstances of heat and moisture in a confined, crowded part of a city, to contaminate the atmosphere to the extent of some hundreds of yards, and produce fevers of the most malignant kind. The fever of this year made its appearance in the part of the city longest built and occupied, and where, from the general salubrity of the air, the greatest pains has not been taken to keep the wells and sinks in the best state. Certain constitutions have been acted upon by many, or all of these predisposing causes; and to which may have been superadded, bad food, bad liquors, exposure to extreme heat and drenching rains, sleeping in close rooms, or in a draft of air from a window; excessive fatigue, profuse perspiration, instantly stopped by drinking cold water, or the extreme changes of atmosphere which have taken place in a few hours. Thus the lungs have been acted on, the blood heated and chilled, till they became debilitated, and performed their functions in an irregular, weak, sluggish manner; and fevers have followed of the most appalling kind.

The stomach demands a notice. Its organization, its functions, and uses, are peculiar. Its accommodation to all matters, fair or foul, shows that it is the most insensible member of the human frame. Still there are a few substances which will disturb its gravity, and throw it into the most violent convulsions—emetic tartar, ipecacuanha, &c.; while scalding water, and the most caustic condiments, do not affect it. It is the receptacle of our meat and drink; it is the laboratory in which is formed and fashioned the materials of the blood and all the fluids. Of all the substances which enter the stomach, there is none which exerts so pernicious an influence on it as impure water. Water is the medium of the circulation; from its fine fluid state the stomach is not able to arrest the progress of many substances held in solution by it, and which are as fine as itself. Here our senses do

not aid us; for we seldom reject water which is limpid, and when taken into the stomach, has no bad taste or smell.

Hippocrates, the reputed father of medical science, said, that in countries where men are constrained to drink the stagnant and fetid waters of wells, the belly and spleen must, in such persons, of necessity be injured: some have calculous complaints; some tumours of the spleen, stranguary and nephritic complaints, from a similar cause. "A train of evils are the consequence of the use of such waters: marasmus, dropsies, fluxes, agues, insanity, and abortion." Hoffman says, that "the drinking of hard and rough waters has been pernicious both to men and animals. By stagnating in the small vessels, the glands are raised into hard tumours. Stagnant putrid waters are to be avoided, which not only corrupt the air by depraved and pestilential exhalations, but are likewise capable of producing putrid diseases and fevers." Sir G. Staunton says, that "persons of rank in China are so careful about the quality of the water intended for their own consumption, that they seldom drink any without its being distilled." Bruce says, that "the gravel is universally the disease with those who use water from the draw-wells in Abyssinia, as in the desert." M. Cabanis says, "Brackish waters, loaded with putrid vegetable matters with earthy substances, or a considerable quantity of sulphate of lime, and a small proportional quantity of oxygen, or rather atmospheric air, act in a very pernicious manner on the stomach, and other organs of digestion, and make a most deplorable enervation of the stomach and intestines; they pass with rapidity to the glandular system and the absorbent vessels; they load the glands, alter the lymph, and obstruct the different absorptions."

The city of New-York produces as great a variety of water as can well be imagined in so small a circuit. It holds in solution a variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral substances. I know of but one spring on the island, the water of which is in general use, that is free from them, or that can be called *pure water*. This is situated near Fort Gansevoort, in the village of Greenwich. The water most pernicious and most to be avoided, is that obtained from wells near churchyards. It contains animal and mineral matter, which is filtered from the abodes of the dead. From the imperfect manner in which wells are formed, but few of them are free from the drainings of the sinks in the most compact part of the city. It is not unreasonable to estimate the natural evacuations of the inhabitants of this city at THREE TONS daily; and where are the drains or sewers to carry it off to the rivers? No where. Is it not justifiable to say, that the earth to a great depth is saturated with vegetable, animal, and mineral matter? And was it not for the uncommonly healthy, natural situation of the island, there could be no estimate made of the inevitable destruction of human life, from the accumulation of so much filth in so small a compass. 'Tis to the purity of the atmospheric air that we owe our safety. Slander it as much as you please, there is no predisposition to fever in the atmospheric air which passes this city. It is nonsense to say that water which is limpid must be pure; that because it is perfectly transparent it must be innocuous; that it must be wholesome if cool and refreshing. The deleterious matters in water will not show themselves without a chemical analysis, unless saturated to overflowing, as most of it is, in the lower part of the city, where filth has been longest accumulating. Let those who doubt the impurity of the water they use, suffer it to stand some days exposed to a moderate heat, and see if it is ropy, or of the appearance of a jelly. Let them inspect their tea-kettles, and if any matter adheres to them after long use, they may pronounce the water unfit for domestic

purposes. The stomach, &c. when in a diseased state, may not be inaptly compared to the furred tea-kettle, from the constant use of impure water. It is always found, that the stomachs and intestines of those labouring under fever, are coated with a thick viscid slime or phlegm, usually called bile. So closely does it adhere, that it frequently is impossible to detach it by the most active emetics and cathartics, and death ensues. This matter is a deposit from bad water, and so completely covers the internal surface of these organs, that it arrests the progress of the chyle in its way to the blood, and produces that state called fever, by suffering it to accumulate too large a quantity of oxygen from the atmosphere, without a corresponding supply of chyle to temper it, and carry on the healthy circulation. T. D.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HARLEST.

The duties at this port for the last quarter of 1821, and the two expired quarters of the present year, amount to \$7,625,678; and it is estimated that the third quarter of 1822 will give \$2,500,000; making a total of \$10,125,678, for one year.

Specimens of marble taken from an extensive bed of that mineral on the lands of Jonathan Ward, Esq. East Chester, are exhibiting in this city. It is of a very pure white, free from veins, and will probably, on penetrating the mass to a greater depth, be found sufficiently fine for the chisel of the sculptor.

On the 12th ult. 12,000 lbs. of Mississippi lead arrived at Detroit from Green Bay. It was transported by water the whole distance, with the exception of the short portage between the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers.

Imitations of the Waltham Cotton have been sent from England, to this country, for sale; but the English manufacturer cannot make an equal fabric at the same price. The imitation is thickened with flour to give it the appearance of firmness.

Sir William Herschell, the eminent astronomer, died on the 25th August, at 104, near Windsor, in the 86th year of his age.

An English breeder of stock has recommended a mode of dealing with swine, which it is said may supersede the necessity of putting rings into their noses. It consists simply in shaving off with a razor or sharp knife, the gristle on the top of the noses of young pigs. The place soon heals over, and the pigs are thus rendered incapable of rooting.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXVIII. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Unfortunate Constancia*, or a Picture of unexampled Magnanimity; by William Hayley, Esq.—*The rough Scot*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Travels in Africa*, by Drs. Ehrenberg and Hemprich.

LITERATURE.—*The Vale of Aldomar*, No. IV. THE DRAMA.—*Warner, or the Inheritance*, by Lord Byron.—*Dramatic Anecdotes*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Pope Sixtus V.* ARTS and SCIENCES.—*Rise and Progress of Gardening*, No. I.—*Natural History*.—*Scientific Notices* from foreign journals.

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Velocity of the Winds*.

POETRY.—*"Laurence" to Salamina*.

GLEASER, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, Mr. Jacob Reed to Miss Ruth Brush.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Jasper Grosvenor to Maria Caroline, daughter of Luke Kip.

DIED,

On the 5th inst. Mr. Peter Anderson, in the 50th year of his age.

On Thursday, Sarah R. Coggeshall, wife of Capt. George Coggeshall, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 6th, Mr. Wm. Reynolds, in the 46th year of his age.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves: to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO ANGELINA.

Hopes the dearest,
Warmest, nearest—
What can stay their winged feetness,
When they rest on seeming sweetness?
Then be sure
Thou be secure
From Fancy's tricks of dreamy featness.
Fancy oft displays the lover
Glowing with each generous charm;
And his bosom will discover
Pure, and free from guile and harm:—

While the guest,
Within his breast
May be falsehood, bold, deceiving,
And Treach'ry artful fetters weaving:
So that thou,
With burning brow,
Would weep, to think of thy believing.
Flat'ry's chain, by which he bound thee,
Time will with rude hand unbind;
Hopes, with which that flattery crown'd thee,
Time will scatter on the wind.

Fancy flies
When pleasure dies;
Her consoling founts of feeling,
One by one thou'lt find congealing,
And as chill,
The truth will thrill,
As winter's blasts around thee stealing.
Oh! look well then, lest misguiding
Fancy shed seductive ray;
And Reason's colder light deriding,
Dazzling lead thy soul astray.

SALONINA.

For the Minerva.

ELIZA.

An hour of bliss ne'er yet hung o'er me,
But sorrow still hath marr'd it;
A gleam of joy ne'er shone before me,
But sorrow thence hath scar'd it.
If Pleasure came where I have been,
And I have sought to hold her,
She threw a glance, than scorn more keen,
Than rude December colder.

On Mary's lip of ruby red
I once saw Pleasure lie there;
But Mary frown'd, and Pleasure fled,
And never more came nigh there.

I thought her once within the glass—
And, grasping at the treasure,
I drank the poisonous draught—alas!
'Twas Pain instead of Pleasure.

Sometimes I've seen her shadowy form
'Mong youths and maidens dancing;
Anon, amid the raging storm
From bounding billows glancing.

Sometimes she lists the lover's sighs,
Where the fair maid is blushing;
Then to the battle's front she flies,
Where the warm blood is gushing.

But in the search no more I'll roam,
Since now to me she's given:
Eliza's heart is Pleasure's home,
And Pleasure's home is heaven.

B.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

There is a gem more pearly bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
Than Love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky:
A liquid pearl, that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude;
A richer gem than monarchs wear—
The tear of gratitude.

But ne'er shall narrow love of self
Invite this tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of pelf
Appreciate its worth;
But ye, who soothe the widow's woe,
And give the orphan food,
For you this liquid pearl shall flow—
The tear of gratitude.

Ye, who but slake an infant's thirst,
In Heavenly Mercy's name,
Or offer Penury a crust,
The sweet reward may claim.
"Then, while you rove life's sunny banks,
"With sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
"Still may you claim the widow's thanks,
"The orphan's gratitude."

MELANCHOLY.

There is a mighty spirit, known on earth
By many names, though one alone becomes
Its mystery, its beauty, and its power.
It is not Fear—'tis not the passive fear
That sinks before the future, nor the dark
Despondency that hangs upon the past:
Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
Nor that which dreads itself, or slowly eats
Like a dull canker, till the heart decays.
But in the meditative mind it lives
Shelter'd, caress'd, and yields a great return:
And in the deep, silent communion
Which it holds ever with the poet's soul,
Temper, and doth befit him to obey
High inspiration. To the storms and winds
It giveth answer in as proud a tone,
Or on its seat, the heart of man, receives
The gentler tidings of the elements.
I—often home returning from a spot
Holy to me from many wanderings
Of fancy or in fact, have felt the power
Of *Melancholy* stealing on my soul,
Mingling with pleasant images, and from
Sorrow dividing joy, until the shape
Of each did gather a diviner hue,
And shone, unclouded by a thought of pain.
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting
From out its breast, and muse until it seem
Ethereal, starry, speculative, wise;
But then it is that *Melancholy* comes
Out-charming Grief, (as the gray morning stills
The tempest oft,) and from its fretful fire
Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,
The present, and the future, and the past.

TO A TEAR.

Crystal berry,
Form'd in the melting eye,
When the young heart is merry:—
And mirth's blithe hey down derry
Keeps the animal spirits high.

Pearl of sorrow,
Created by a sigh,
Which wretched mortals borrow
To bathe futurity's morrow,
When grief and despair are nigh.

Drop of brightness
And traveller of the face,
Trickling o'er blushes and whiteness,
Or fuding a place
In a dimple of laughter in lightness.

Gem of feeling,
That rolls from Nature's crown,
Or standing and silently stealing,
The beauty of passion revealing,
The tearless and stern to drown.

O! thou treasure
Of every tender soul!
Shed without measure
When innocent pleasure
Will urge thy rill to roll.

Tear! though parted
For joy or sorrow,—I
Would have thee start
For sympathy—hearted,
So thy source be never dry.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

(By Allan Cunningham.)

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE SICK MAN'S SUMMER EVENING.

Oh, life is all so sweet! so sweet!
To feel the living pulses beat!
To drink the air that round us flows!
To gaze upon the sky's deep ocean!
To see the life that round us glows,
And feel that life in us has motion!
All this has been—all this must be;
But oh! it will no more for me.

The Spring, with Pleasure by her side,
That pipes the measure of his bride;
The Summer, faint with hot desire:
The Autumn drunk, his rich ales flowing;
The gossip Winter's blazing fire,
With tales of eld, while winds are blowing!
All this has been—all this must be;
But oh! it will no more for me.

Epigram.

Hark forward! cries the Squire; his hounds
Dash o'er his neighbour Crabtree's grounds,
Who baw'd aloud, (although too late,)
"I wish your Honour would but try
"To do to folks as you're done by,
"Nor let them run through my estate."
"My friend," replies the laughing Squire,
"I'm doing just what you desire;
"To all the country 'tis well known
"I don't mind running through my own."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Water.

PUZZLE II.—Pathysick.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Three tippling fellows, who had each a score at
a grogshop, which they were not willing to pay,
agreed to go, and in a pretended scuffle to rub
out all the chalks. This they accordingly did.
But the landlady recollects that Pat's and Sandy's
together was \$1 37½; that Sandy's and Yankee's
was \$1 12½; and that Pat's and Yankee's was
\$1 25. She will thank any of her friends to tell
what was their separate scores.

II.

In the course of business, my money drawer
was empty at 12 o'clock. At one, I received a sum
of money in dollars. At 2, I laid out the fifteenth
part of it, and lent a seventh of the remainder.
At 3, I was paid a sum equal to one-third of that
which I received at 1 o'clock, and I paid at the
same time \$25. At 4, I received a sum exactly
one-fourth of what I then had; and I found that
I had exactly as much as was paid to me at 1
o'clock.

Question. How much was paid to me at first?

III.

Of These Capital Letters a word may be made,
An adjective, as you will find,
which (should it be ever applied to your case)
will possibly make you quite blind.

CHRONOLOGY.

Before Christ.

146. Achaia and all Greece reduced to a tributary province of Rome. Carthage destroyed by Scipio.
- Alexander Bala being killed, Demetrius Nicator reigned after him five years.
145. Ptolemy Evergetes II. or Physcon, reigned in Egypt twenty-eight years.
- The people of Antioch revolted against Demetrius. The Jews delivered Demetrius, who was shut up in his palace.
- Antiochus, son of Alexander Bala, seized Antioch, and made alliance with the high priest Jonathan.
144. Jonathan renewed the alliance made by Judas with the Romans and Lacedaemonians.
- Tryphon put Jonathan to death.
143. Simon succeeded his brother Jonathan, and reigned ten years.
142. Simon shook off the Syrian yoke, and fortified Jerusalem.
141. War with Numantia, in Spain.
- Tryphon usurped the sceptre of Syria, and reigned about four years.
140. Q. Pompey made unsuccessful war with the Numantians.
- Antiochus Sidetes married Cleopatra, the wife of his brother Demetrius.
139. The senate annulled the peace with Numantia, and continued the war under Popilius.
138. Junius, the consul, carried on war in Lusitania. M. Popilius put to flight by the Numantians.
- Death of Attalus, king of Pergamus. Attalus, his son, succeeded, and reigned five years.
137. The Numantians, with four thousand men, defeated thirty thousand Romans. Mancinus made a shameful peace. He was recalled, and Emilius sent in his stead.
136. Brutus carried on war in Lusitania with great success.
135. Calpurnius successful against the Numantians.
- John Hircanus succeeded his father Simon, and reigned twenty-eight years.
- *The Historical books of the Old Testament, and of the Maccabees, end this year.*
- Antiochus Sidetes laid siege to Jerusalem, but afterwards made peace with the Jews.
- War of the slaves in Sicily.
134. Scipio, as consul in Spain, restored military discipline.
133. Death of Attalus, who bequeathed the kingdom of Pergamus to the Roman people.
- Numantia destroyed by Scipio. The slaves defeated in Sicily by Piso.
132. End of the servile war by Popilius. Lichnius, consul, defeated, taken, and put to death. Death of Perenna by sickness.
131. Antiochus Sidetes undertook an expedition against the Parthians. John, high priest of the Jews, acquired the name of Hircanus, by his feats against the Hircanians. Antiochus fell at length into an ambushade, was killed, and his army cut to pieces.
- Demetrius Nicator recovered his dominions in Syria, and reigned four years.
130. John Hircanus, on the death of Antiochus, seized Gerizim, and demolished the Samaritan temple.
129. Aquilius put an end to the war with Aristonicus, about the kingdom of Pergamus.
- The Egyptians rising against Ptolemy Evergetes, burnt down his palace. The king fled to Cyprus. Scipio found dead in his bed.
128. John Hircanus subdued the Idumeans.
- Demetrius was defeated by Alexander, calling himself son of Bala. Cleopatra killed her husband Demetrius.
127. Seleucus V., son of Demetrius and Cleopatra, having seized part of Syria, was murdered by his mother's orders.
126. A Chinese officer travelled near the Caspian Sea, and was present at a battle between the Scythians and the Parthians.
125. Fulvius promised to all the Italians the right of Roman citizens.
124. Sextius, consul, defeated the Salians in Gaul, and founded a colony at Aix, in Provence.
123. The Senate ordered Carthage to be rebuilt twenty-two years after its destruction.
- Mithridates VI., king of Pontus, famous by his wars with the Romans, began to reign.
122. Domitius defeated the people of Auvergne and the Allobroges.
121. Fabius terminated the war against the Allobroges. Gallia Narbonensis reduced to a province. Sedition at Rome, excited by C. Gracchus.
120. Antiochus Gryphus obliged his mother, Cleopatra, to take the poison she intended for him.
119. C. Marius, tribune, put Metellus in prison.
118. A colony sent to Narbonne.
117. The Gauls defeated by Marius, proconsul.
114. Antiochus IX. expelled his brother, Antiochus Gryphus, from Antioch, espoused Cleopatra, who was divorced by Ptolemy Lathyrus, and reigned eighteen years.

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